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there is such a thing as music in language, and that much of the effect of a composition depends on the harmonious arrangement of its parts; it points out too the beauty of an adaptation of the sound to the sense, and gives a greater delicacy to the ear.

But I have played the critic long enough—*diludia pixa*. Any other improvements that I have to suggest, I must defer until renovated breath allows me to enter the arena again—

Multa interea vos delectabunt.

[We ourselves, who sit in the chair of the Editor, propose to write an article on the mode of education pursued in our national university, as contrasted with the systems in use in the English universities, and other pertinent observations there aenent, in the next, or some very early number.—ED.]

THE DRAMA.

On Saturday evening, the performances being by vice-regal command, the Theatre presented a numerous and fashionable audience. *Rob Roy* and *Black Eyed Susan* were the pieces selected for the occasion; in the former Mr. Macready enacted the stern and desperate outlaw with all his wonted power. Our limits precluding us from a minute review of each night's performance, we can only say, that the other characters were efficiently supported, with the exception of Mr. Shutter's Bailie, which we must denounce as a most ridiculous caricature. In the afterpiece, the William of Mr. T. P. Cooke, and Miss Huddart's Susan, elicited general acclamation.

On Monday evening, a Melo Drama, from the manufactory of Mr. Planché, called the *Brigand*, was produced for the first time; it is founded on the exploits of the famous Alessandro Massaroni, who was represented by Mr. T. P. Cooke, in a manner which entitles him to much credit as a Melo Dramatic actor. He introduced a pretty air, called "Loves Ritornella," and acquitted with peculiar grace, in an Allemande, which he danced with Miss Garbois and Miss Glover; the latter was warmly and deservedly encored.

Much alteration appears to have been bestowed in the getting up of this piece. The scenery is beautifully picturesque, and the various situations in which the bandit appear, are managed with much skill and regard to proper effect. The dresses are also highly characteristic. We regretted to observe, on Tuesday night, that Miss Smithson's benefit was not so well attended as the merits of that lady entitled her to expect.

We learn that the Pantomime of *Harlequin and Cock Robin* is in preparation, in which Messrs. Paulo, Ellar, and Sutton are to sustain the principal parts. It is also said, that Miss Jelk, the celebrated Siamese Elephant, will honor us with a visit in the Easter holidays.

MUSIC.

The Phil-Harmonic Society held their weekly meeting last night at the Rotunda. The performances commenced with one of Haydn's fine symphonies, which was followed by an overture of Onslow's, which we do not recollect having heard before: the finale was very effective. Calcott's excellent glee, the Red Cross Knight, was admirably given by Mr. J. Barton and Mr. Rigby. A quintette by Rees followed, which was far too *recherché*

for our ears. Weber's celebrated overture in C. closed a very delightful evening's performance, and was given with the greatest possible effect: it is indeed a sublime effort of genius, and elicited deserved applause; the combination of sounds from the wind instruments was very grand. Mr. James Barton, as leader, only added to our pre-conceived ideas of his great talents.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

CASLECONNELL.

Broad, but not deep, along his rock-chafed bed,
In many a sparkling eddy winds the flood,
Clasped by a margin of green underwood;
A castled crag with ivy garlanded.
Sheer o'er the torrent frowns; above the mead
Des Bourgh's towers, crumpling o'er many a rood,
Stand gauntly out in airy solitude—
Back'd by you furrowed mountain's tinted head.
Sounds of far people, mingling with the fall
Of waters, and the soothing hum of bees
And larks in air, and thrushes in the trees
Steal on the listening ear—most musical!
While cottage smoke goes drifting on the breeze,
And sunny clouds are floating over all.

A. De V.

THE SONG OF THE LONELY ONE.

I.
Her only listeners were the leaves,
Whose multitudes around,
Hung silent in the noon-tide air,
Over shadowing the ground.
The deep blue sky looked through,
The same whose freshness then,
Was shining into laughing eyes
Amid the haunts of men—
Then, as her solitude she knew,
Those broken whispers clearer grew.

II.
"If I loved thee," ask the grave—
When some other Spring,
A softer thought of me, perhaps,
Shall for a moment bring—
And its greenness than shall hear,
Is soon to cover what was dear:
The many faults that yet could win—
Enslave a soul like thine:
Ask the silence did I love—
Was all the triumph mine?

III.
Sit beside the breathless lips,
Ere they leave the light;
The smile you sought will not be there—
The brightening of delight;
But, they will not shrink, or wear
Life's unkind, mysterious air;
The spell is broken—they may'st stoop
And press thine own thereon:
The freezing frown of fear's caprice,
Will be for ever gone.

IV.
If they loved thee! ask them then—
Ask, if life indeed,
At thy crown could wither thus,
Like a broken reed.
Oh, love! I am glad for thee,
No answer then on earth will be:
Glad that the sufferings I have borne,
Were never breathed to one;
Twould make thy breast a darker grave—
After I am gone.

V.
Nor bend thou long that kingly mien,
O'er the closed eye;—
Once only whisper on my cheek—
I was too young to die:
Then go forth—the earth—the sea—
The mind of man is field for thee,
The heart of woman—all thou wilt,
Below the subject lies;
Forge, the one cold snow-drop gone—
Forget the wasted sighs.

VI.
And yet do not, most adored!
Do not rue we met;
Think kindly of me, laid to rest
For a little yet.
Do not hate the flowers that grow
Here, because they used to blow—
Beneath the smile and hand that once
Made them strangely dear:
Come and see them once again,
When I shall not be here;
Come! thy hangthy eye will then—
Have nothing more to fear.

LYRICAL BOTANY.

No. I.

Standing in a fair garden, I can see
Strange characters and features in its flowers,
And fancy, tho' inanimate they be,
Their lives are scarce less innocent than ours;
Whether reclined on beds, or nestled in bower,
Or looking wond'rous flat against a wall,
Or gay on window-stools in evening hours,
Or blooming in full beauty at a ball:
In sooth, I can perceive no difference at all.

Look at that flirt that every body knows,
See how she hangs her blowzy head and blushes;—
I need not say that damsel is a rose,
Nor tell the source of those unfading flushes—
Nor drop a hint, on carmine or on brushes;
Perhaps you think her modest men is real?
Nonsense! the glow that to her face thus rushes,
Is paint? or apoplexy, or display all,
Or else her thoughts are warming with some "beau
ideal."

There is a lily near her, pale as death,
"Oh! call it fair, not pale," she seems to say;
She sheds around her, a consumptive breath,
Yet mingle with the gayest of the gay:
I've seen some lilies, in as vain an array,
Tall, gawky spectres, with their cheeks of chalk,
Sitting near gas-lights, at a church or play;
And freezing with their aspects and their talk,
Yet scrupling not the less with "men in red" to walk.

And here are coarse, red, country Peonies;
And Hollyoaks, with ear-wigs all about them,
And stocks, that seem almost as stout as trees,
Leaning on *lath*, I'm sure they'd do without them,
And here are Tulips, ay! I'd never doubt them,
Flaunting and flirting, (nay, I beg their pardons,)
While bloody warriors, brave where none can rout
them,

Stand fierce beside, lovers at once, and wardens;

I'm sure you've often seen such posies in "the Gardens."

But far apart from these, I mark a spot,
Whence a rich perfume sweetens ev'ry gale,
And there, as if she sought to be forgot,
Or live unseen, 'mid many a leafy veil,
A violet is blooming in her dale.
A gem of beauty! while celestial hues
Shine o'er her bosom, and forget to pale,
And evening's tear, the only bane she woes,
Loves to rest on her cheek, and sparkle there in dewa.
For such, I've searched the flowry path of youth,
And heard vain hope oft whisper,—"find it here;"
But still ungrasp'd, like some mysterious truth,
It vanishes, when most I deem it near:
Alas! must all we sigh for, thus appear
A dream of bliss, not waken'd to, below,
A ray that streams, from some untravell'd sphere,
That cheers awhile, with evanescent glow,
Then sinks behind its clouds, and leaves a night of woe!

S. S. R.

LITERARY NOVELTIES, &c.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cyclopaedia, Vol. IV. Scott's Scotland, Vol. II. folscap, 6s. boards—Abernethy's Lectures on the Theory and Practice of Surgery, Svo. 8s. boards—Seymour on Diseases of the Ovaria, Svo. with a folio Atlas of Plates, £1. ls. India proofs, £1. 11s. 6d.—Dittrah's Travels on the Continent, Sicily, and the Lepari Islands, second edition, royal Svo. 18s. boards—Maxims, Reflections, &c. 12mo. 2s. boards—Memoir of Sir T. S. Raffles, 4to. £2. 12s. 6d. boards—Pinneck's Grammar of Sacred History, 18mo. 5s. 6d. sheep—Webster's Latin Delectus, 12mo. 2s. 6d. sheep—Shaw's History of the Chapel at Luton Park, imperial folio, £4. 4s. India proofs, £6. 6s. boards—The Dominic's Legacy, post Svo. 3 vols. £1. 4s. boards—Deane on the Worship of the Serpent, Svo. 12s. boards—Newhaven on Superstition, Svo. 10s. 6d. boards—The Pulpit, Vol. III. eleven portraits, Svo. 8s. boards—Humphrie's Discourses to Youth, 18mo. 3s. 6d. boards—Lessons in Ancient History, by a Lady, 12mo. 2s. sewed—Atherstone's Fall of Nineveh, Vol. II. Svo. 10s. 6d. boards—Tucker's Records of the Supreme Court of Newfoundland, Svo. 15s. boards—Fisher's Remains, by Brown, Svo. 10s. 6d. boards—Family Oblation, or Prayers for Domestic Worship, 12mo. 5s. boards—The Drama brought to the Text of Scripture, 12mo. 2s. 6d. boards—Hoffard's Stolen Boy, 18mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound—The Jewish Maiden, by author of Ambition, 4 vols. 12mo. £1. 2s. boards—Mauder's Treasury of Knowledge, royal 18mo. 7s. 6d. boards.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We are more than grateful to Z. Y. for her most kind and lady-like communication. Such approval is one of our best and most pleasing rewards amid the toils and troubles of Editorsh p.

From the fair author of the Painter forgotten, we only ask for time. We do not think the Lattice ever reached us. Zoulius O'Growl thinks we are not bitter enough; let him but write a book. We intreat forgiveness of a thousand and one kind Correspondents, to whom it is impossible to reply.

Z. Y.